

PASQVILS JESTS:

WITH

THE MERRIMENTS

OF

Mother Bunch.

Witty, pleasant, and delightfull.



LONDON,

Printed by I. F. And are to be sold by F. Coles, T. Vere,
and J. Wright, 1669.

3. JI N G E A
27. 2. 16.

СТИМЕНИЯ

Read the Epistle
or read no-
thing.

Proseca

16. 2. 16. 2. 16. 2. 16.

TO THE MERRIE

READER.

The discription of Pasquil and Mother Bunch.

Ost pleasant Reader, my onely ayme
in writing this Book, is but to make
thee laugh, and to shorten the tedi-
ousness of a long winters Evening.
Know then, that noble *Pasquil*, the
Author of these Jests, was in his time,
the onely merry companion, who for

Wit, Mirth, Eloquence, and Jovialty, was the merriest
Grigg (as saith the Story) that I ever read of. Now for
Mother Bunch, the onely dainty, well favored, well pro-
portioned, sweet complexioned, and most delightfull
Hostess of *England*, she was squared into inches, being
in height twenty thousand, and a half, wapting a fin-
gers breadth, in bredthe eleven thousand, and two
inches and a nayles breadth just; she spent most of her
time in telling of tales, and when she laughed, she was
heard from *Algate*, to the Monuments at *Westminster*,
and all *Southwark* stood in amazement, the Lyons
in the Tower, and the Bulls and Beares of *Parish-Garden* roar'd (with the royn of her laughter) lowder
then the great roaring *Meggey*; she was once wrung
with wind in her belly, and with one blast of her taile,
she blew down *Charing-Cross*, with *Pauls* aspiring
steeple.

To the Reader.

Steeple. She danced a Galliard on tower hill, and all the great Ordnance leapt for joy, and London shook as it had been an Earthquake; Her quotidian, or daily diet was three fat Oxen, two boyled and one roasted, with the Intralls: twenty three fat Muttons, and a quarter, with the Heads and Gethers parboyl'd: fifteen dozen of fat Capons, with the wings and leggs of seven dozen of young Chickens, and to close up her stomach, ninety and nine dozen of Larks well roasted; and forty seven dozen of two penny wheaten bread, and to every loaf she drank a tun of her strongest May Ale, with Nutmeg and Sugar: Yet she never did rise from the table (as saith the story) but with a good appetite, for her signe she perkt up her hose, that ushered her face red as skarlet, which when she stood upright, looked over the City like a blazing star. And when it appeared, Bakers made hast, and Cooks came running, with whole ovens full of pies, to bake at the sweltring heat which proceeded from her jolly red nose. A most pretious and rich nose it was, set with Rubies of all sorts, and hung in clusters like your French Grapes, which being well prest, yeelded from the abundant goodness five tun of well clarified liquor, She dwelt as faile the Author (in Gornehill (sicere the Exchange)) and sold strong Ale, whose health to this day all Joviall drun-kards never forget; the many vertues of her Ale is impossible for one penne to write. The Dutchmen were her best customers for a long time, untill the report of her Ale had spread it all England over. Young men and Maids frequented her house, more then either Pymlico, or the now flourishing Totman-court.

She raised the spirits of her spiggot to such a heighth,

To the Reader.

that Maids grew proud, and many proved with child after it, and being asked who got the child, they answered, they knew not, onely they thought Mother *Bunches Ale*, and another thing had done the deed, but whosoever was the father, Mother *Bunches Ale* had all the blame.

She was an excellent companion, and sociable, she was very pleasant and witty, and would tell a tale, let a Fart, drink her draught scratch her Arse, pay her groat as well as any Chymist of Ale whatsoever, From this noble Mother *Bunch* proceeded all our great greasie Tapsters, and fat swelling Ale wives, whose faces are blown as bigge as the froth of their bottle Ale, and their complexion imitating the out side of a Cooks greasie dripping-pan, and you could hardly go round about her in a Summer after-noon. Mother *Bunch* lived one hundred, seventy and five yeares, two dayes and a quarter, and half a minute, and died in the prime of her charity, for had she lived but two months longer, she had knit Pauls a night-cap, and bought London bridge a payre of Pantoffles to keep his feet out of the cold swelling water. But she died, and left behind her these pleasant tales following, which she used to tell those nimble spirits, which drank deep of her Ale, and as she changed their money, as was generally related.

162

These harmless lines that have no ill intent,
I hope shall pass in mirth as they were meant,
What I intend, is but to make you sport, though roughly
By telling truth to please the wiser sort :
And what it is, that I have aim'd at now,
The Wise may judge, for Fools I care not how.

BIB. LOND. CLIPPL. 1. 6.

Pasquils Jefts, and Mother Bunches Merriments.

The Conni-catcher and Priest of
Paris.



Lewd knave, a Theater, espied, a wealthy Priest, whose purse was full of money, lately arrived in the City of Paris, out of the Countrey, to buy necessaries, and with a bold face saluted him, requested his aid in a small matter, concerning a man of his owne calling. What's that (quoth the Priest ?) It is sir, (quoth he) this. The Parson of our Town hath given me money to buy a Surpless, and I having small knowledge in it, would request your aid in the choyce of a good one, making no question of your good skill. With all my heart (quoth the Priest.) Comming to the shop of sale, the Connicatcher called for some choyce Surplesses, and desired the Priest to choose out one of the best. Which done, intreated him to assay it, whither it were in all points as it ought to be. The Priest was nimble at his game, for it was his dayly excercise, but the Theater found fault with the making, bearing out such an uncomely bulke at his right side. Oh (quoth the Priest) my girdle and pouch is cause of that, and immediately loosed his girdle and pouch, willing the Connicatcher to hold it till he had better girted up the Surpless as it ought to be. The Connicatcher having as much as he desired, suddenly leapt out of the shop, and ran away as fast as he could with the Priest's girdle and pouch full of money. The Priest turning about, and seeing his purse and money flying for religion, made all the hast he could in the Surpless after the Connicatcher, crying, and calling, Hold the Thief, Hold the

Pasquils Jests, and

the Thaſ. The Connicatcher cried out, Hold the Priest, for he is mad, and will kill me: the Shopkeper followed as fast as he could, and cried, Stop the Priest, for he hath holne my Surples. The people hauing been amazad at this accident, laid hold on the Priest, but before he could declare his misfortune, the Connicatcher was gone far enough, not to be caught again in hall. Which caused much good laughter, and the Priest payed for the Surples.

The dumbe wife recovered her speech.

ACertain Farmer had taken to wife a dumbe woman, and hearing a great Magician lately come into England, he took horse and rode to him, and demanded if there were no help for a woman that had lost her speach. The Magician answered, Yea, it is an easie matter, and told him he must take an Aspen-leafe, and lay it under her tongue, and it would instantly help her. The Farmer was joyed with this tidings, and returned in hast homewards, suspecting in himself the vertue of his new receipt, and therefore to make the matter more sure, he took thre Aspen-leaves, and laid them all thre under his wifes tongue, who immediately began to talk and prate very nimly, and in the end upon a very small occasion to curse and raille down right upon her husband as if she had bin mad. The Farmer was now in a peck of troubles, and posted i- all hast to the Magician certifying him of this unhappy accident. The Magician demanded if he absolutely followed his counsell. The Farmer answered, No, for (quoth he) in stead of one leafe, I have used thre, hoping to make the matter sure. Marcy then God help thee, (quoth the Magician) for it is an easie matter to make a woman speak, but to make her hold her tongue is past my curing. Nay, all the devills in hell could never work such a wonder. Whereat the Farmer much grieved departed.

Mother Bunches Merriments. 3

A knack for a Cook.

Mrselke was once in Bozenberg in Germany, where an old man having his dyer in the house where I lay, and coming into the kitchin the maid complained of a great mischance, I asked her what it was? O (quoth she) my Master and Missress will beat me cruelly, for my Furmetz is all burne too. The old man sitting by the fire, and hearing the maids complaint, asked her what she would give him and he would teach her a trick to alter the taste of being burnt too, and with no cost. I will give you (quoth she) two pots of good liquoꝝ. Content (quoth the old man) send for it presently; the wench ran in all hast and fetcht it: the old man began to drink a hearty draught, and gave me also. Now (quoth he) your Furmetz tasteth of being burnt too; to alter that, take up your cloathes and shite in the pot, and Ile warrant you it shall taste more of that then of burnt too. The wench had a pestilent wit, and replied bashfully, I pray you (quoth she) do not tell any body, that you have thus deceived me, for then I shall be laughed to scorn. Marry then (quoth the old man) you must give me another pot of Baꝝe for secreſie. With all my heart (quoth the wench) and took the pot and ran into the Seller agam, and pist in it, bringing it to the old man: He (good old penny-father) was glad of his liquour, and began to drink again, but having tasted it, Dut you whore (quoth he) this is no Baꝝe, thou hast pist in the pot. True (quoth she) if you can digest shitten Furmetz, pist liquour can never hurt you. The wench was well pleased, the old man was angry, and my self ready to burst with laughter.

The drunken Dutch-man.

ADutchman living in Paris, habing drunk more in one day then he had bled in twenty, was walking to his lodgging late in the evening, from the Tavern. By chance a maid (intending to empty the chamber-pot) cries out at the window

Pasquils Jests, and

Garde lue, that is, beware the urine, (as the custome of the City is) the man amazed to hear so shrill a voice so late in the evening, stands still and puts off his Hat, and listned for the voice again underneath the Chamber window; she emptying her pot just upon his head, he not dreaming of any thing but the urine, rubs it off his head with his hand, and with somewhat else which was in the pot, all besmears his head, face, and beard. At last smelling himself to stink intolerably, The devill take thee for a Duean, quoth he, you bad me take hald of the Ale-pot but here is moze then half the Toast. Which moved much laughter in the maid.

The Tanner and the Butchers Dog.

A Country Tanner that was running hastily through East-Cheap, and having a long Pike-staff on his shoulder, one of the Butchers Dogs caught him by the brach. The fellow got loose, and ran his pike into the Dogs throat, and killed him. The Butcher seeing that his Dog was kill'd tooke hold of the Tanner, and carried him before the Deputy, who asked him, What reason he had to kill the Dog: For mine owne defence (quoth the Tanner.) Why, quoth the Deputy, hadst thou no other defence but present death? Sir quoth the Tanner, London fashions are not like the Countries, for here the stones are fast in the streets, and the Dogs are loose, but in the Country, the dogs are fast tied, and the stones are loose to throw at them: and what shoulde a man do in this extremity, but use his stasse for his awen defence? Harry (quoth the Deputy) if a man will needs use his stasse, he might use his blunt end, and not the sharp pike. True Master Deputy, quoth the Tanner, but you must consider, if the Dog had used his blunt end, and run his taile at me, then had there been good reason for me to do the like: but I wot Master Deputy, the Doge ran sharp at me, and fastned his teeth in my brach, and I again ran sharp at him, and thrust my pike into his belly. By my faith a crafty knave, quoth the Deputy, if you will both stand

Mother Bunches Merriments. 5

Stand to my verdict, send for a quart of wine, be friends, and so you are both discharged.

The foole Horse must goe
on foot.

The Duke of Saxon's foole rode oncs behnd a Gentleman in progress, and chancing to let a fart, the Gentleman thrust him downe backwards, and began to curse, and said, You damn'd Rogue, all farters must goe on foot by Act of Parliament. The Fool said nothing but got another horse, and rode alone: it happened that that Horse began to fart also. The Fool skipt quickly from his back, and unbridled and unsaddled him, and set both saddle and bridle upon his own head, driving the horse before him with a stick, and began to curse the horse, saying, you damn'd Rogue, all farters must goe on foot by Act of Parliament. Which his neighbours seeing, heartily laughed.

A Tale of a Scrivener of London and a Country man.

It fell upon a Saturday being Market day, that a Country fellow of a nimble wit, and of the better sort of husbandry, came to London, to lay out a little money upon some necessary trinkets: and having dispatched his busness, after he had prettily refreshed his spirits with a pot of the strongest Ale that the Alehouse could afford him, made homeward very merrily: but by the way casting his eye by chance upon a kind of Writings that shoud it to be a Scribener's shop, and seeing the Master of the poor house, or the poor Master of the house, sitting alone in a rug gotten wrapping in his arms, to abord the bitterness of the weather, minding to make himself a little sport, fell thus to salute the poor Peare-man: I pray you, Master, what might you sell in your shop, that you have so many ding-dongs hang at your doore? Why, my friend, (quoth the Obligation maker)

Pasquils Jests, and

maker I sell nothing but Logger-heads. By my say, Master, quoth the Country man, you have made a faire market with them, for you have left none in your shop, but your self that I see. And so laughing went his way, leaving much spost to them that heard him.

A witty answer of a Country fellow.

A nother Country fellow, walking London streets, and ga-
zing up and down at every sight he saw, some mockt him, otheirs pulled him by the cloake, in so much he could not passe in quiet. He having as much wit as the boyes knavery, thought he would require them for their kind salutations, with something to laugh at, and to trie their wits: and comming to Pauls gate, where they sell pinnes and nadles, the boyes being very saucie pulled him by the cloake, and one said, What lacke you friend? another, What lacke you Country man? Quoth the fellow, minding to make himself some spost, I want a hood for an Humble Bee, or a payre of Spectacles for a blind Bear: which so amazed the boy, that he had nothing to reply, and the Coun-
try man went laughing away.

A pretty tale of a poor man
and a Lawyer.

A poor man having been much injured by an unkind neigh-
bour, who by the power of his purse would have put him
by the right of his land, went to a Lawyer dwelling not farre
off, to whom having delivered his grief, he gave the Lawyer
little for his counsell, but a great many thanks and Countrey
courtesies, with God save your life, and so forth: entreating him
him to let him know when he shold come again, and wait upon him for his further advice. Who answered him somewhat
short, When you will neighbour, when you will. The poor
man, upon this (when you will) came oftentimes afterward
to him, but found no will in the Lawyer to speak with him.
Whereupon the poor man telling his wife of his ill hap,
was

Mother Bunches Merriments.

7

was advised by her to take one of his best Lambs and present it unto him, and then he shold see what would follow; her counsell he allowed, took his Lamb, and went to the Lawyer: to whose gate he was no sooner come, but the Lawyer hearing the bleating of the Lamb, opened his Window, called him up, and in two words told him he understood his case and all shold be well, wherewith he departed, meeting with his wife going to the Market, after they had been at the Alehouse, and taken a pot or two of the strongest liquo: the poor man got him up into the Market place: and there having his throat well cleared, made this mad out-cry: All ye that have any matters to try in Law, get ye every one a fat Lamb, and carry to your Lawyer: for one word of a Lambs mouth will be better understood of the Lawyer, and doe more good, then twenty of your own, and he had rather have one eleven shillings pice, then all the Angels in heaven.

Of a Citizen of London, that had a flinging
Horse.

A Citizen riding to Edmonton, had his man attending him on foot; who came so neer, that the horse saluted him with a great blow on the thigh. The fellow thinking to be revenged, took up a great stone to throw at the horse, and hit by chance his master on the reines of his back. Within a while his Master looked back, and seeing his man come halting so farre behind, chid him, saying, thou lazy knave, why commest thou no faster? Sir, quoth his man, your horse hath given me such a blow on the thigh, that I can go no faster. Truly, said his Master, the horse is a great kicker, for likeworse with his heele right now, hee gave mee a great stroak on the reines of my back: when indeed it was his man that threw the stone, and came laughing behind his master.

Of the Countrey man that caught a
Cutpurse

IT chanced on a Bartholomew-day when men keep Bothees
In Smithfield a Country Gentlemane have some store of mo-
ney (and no less honesty) about him, comming to the Faire,
would amongst the rest needs view the pictures at that time
hanging in the Cloysters, where was then much variety of po-
stures, personages, storizies, landskips, and such like, which cari-
eth away the Senses to a kind of admiration for the present:
and as he was thus gazing up and down, there comes a nim-
ble diber (as at that time there resortz many) and closes with
him, and quickly drawz his purse forth of his pocket, and away
he hies him presently: the Gentleman mist his purse, but knew
no how to help himself. Going home to his lodging, and
pondering in his mind how either to regain his loss, or to be
revenged on the Pick-pocket, at length he behought himself
of this device: he caused an honest Taylor to sew a certain num-
ber of fish-booke within, and round about the mouth of his
Pocket, with the points of the books hanging downward, and
the next day hies him to the same place, in an other Countrey-
like habit, and baites his Pocket with more money, and there
he stood gazing again at the pictures, presently his former
fish (or one of his fraternity) closes with him again, and dives,
which the Gentleman being watchfull of, gives a slip aside,
and had presently struck the nibbling fish into the hand, and see-
ing him fast, begins to goe away, and the more he hasted away,
the deeper the booke went into the Dibers hand, Oh (quoth the
Pick-pocket !) how now Sir (quoth the Gentleman) what
makes your hand in my Pocket ? Pull it out I say : Oh sir
(quoth he) I beseech you be good to me : The people ga-
thering together, imagined the Gentleman had an enchanted
Pocket, and that the fellow had not power to pull forth his hand
again, they would have him before the Justice. So (quoth the
Gentleman) Ie carry him my self, so away he went (with the fel-
lowes hand in his Pocket to a Tavern, with two or thre of
his

Mother Bunches Merriments.

9

his friends, and told him what he had lost there the day before and unless he would restore it, he would have him before a Justice : which match the fellow for fear of hanging, willingly condescended to surrender. And besides that ten pound, ten shillings more towards the mending of his Pocket : so the Gentleman being well satisfied ript forth his pocket, and away went the Cutpurse, who had so much picking work to get out of his hands, he could not use his trade for a moneth after.

How cunningly a knave devised to get money
by his wit, for himself and his
two companions.

Three loytring companions that fell in company together, do-minered and swagered so long, that all their money was quite consumed and gone. So being penniless, and having little or no credit at all left, one of them said, We are now in a fair taking : for we may, if we please, seek our Dinners with Duke Humphry. Nay, hold (quoth the second) If I come where any presse of people be, I can get money enough for us all. And I (quoth the third) can as easily assenble people, They were at that time not much above two miles from a small Town in Barkshire, where, when as thither they came, there was a new Pillory new set up, whiche the third of them seeing, steps to the Baillife, and desires him to have the maiden-head of their new Pillory. The Baillife being a Butcher, was half amazed, and standing a while musing, at the last asked counsell of his honest neighbours, and they bid him set up the knave and spare not. So he makes no more a doe, but up he went, and when he was up, he looked about, and saw his two fellow Cheaters busie with their hands in the holes of the Butchers aprons, where they put all their, money, To it, to it (quoth he) apace. The people laughed heartily to see him stand there. At last ,when he saw that his fellows had sped their matters, and were going away he said to the Baillife, Turne the Pillory about, and now I will

will come down. So he, laughing heartily, did. And when he was come down, the Bailiff said, Now thou art an honest good fellow, and because thou hast made us some sport, I will give thee a Easter to drink: and thinking to take some money out of the hole of his apron, he found there never a penny. Cockes armes, quoth the Bailiff, my money is picked out of my apron: and then the rest of the Butchers besides swore they had lost theirs also. I hope, quoth the fellow, you do not think that I have it. So certainly, quoth the Bailiff, I know well enough thou hast it not: for thou wert on the Pillocky all the while. Why then no harm, for I did it to make you merry, quoth the fellow, and so went his wayes.

A Milk-maids answer to a scoffing Companion.

A Scoffing companion, walking in the fields, overtook a handsome Milk-maid going a milking being bare-legg'd as in the Country some use to go, and thus saluted her. Fair maid, how long have you worn those stockings? Sir, quoth she, these stockings and a payre of Bratches of the same, I have worn this thre and twenty yeares, and have but one hole in them, which you may put your nose in. And so she departed laughing.

A merry answer to a merry question.

A Merry Companion, going through the streets of London, espied by chance a handsome Lass going before him, and with one hand she held up her cloathes behind, to keep them from the dirt, it being in the middle of Winter, which he noting slept to her, and thus saluted Sister, will you let a Lease of your tayle, you have it in your own hand: I Sir, quoth she if your nose will turn tenant. At which witty answer he laughing departed.

Now

How an Usurer lost ten pounds.

A **P**roold Usurer, being a notable fornicator, and keeping a pretty handsome wench to be his Valentine, had in their familiarity lent her ten pounds, and after falling out with her, he demanded his ten pounds again, which she denied: he bring-
ing her before a Judge, who asked her if she had no borrowed
ten pounds of this man? So, an't shall please your Lordship,
quoth she. Doe you deny that you had ten pounds of him? So, my good Lord, (quoth she) I had ten pounds of him, but he
gave it me. For what (quoth the Judge)? For kissing and
feeling (quoth she:) kissing and feeling (quoth the Judge) what's
that? My Lord, quoth she, he kiss my (Arse) and felt my El-
bow. At which the Judge heartily laughed, and the Usurer
lost his ten pounds.

The witty reply of a Sergeant.

In the famous City of London (in the reign of William Rufus) a Sergeant of the Watch kneeling before the then Lord Mayor, to have a certain Bill assigned with his Lordships hand, and kneeling somewhat long, being much troubled with the Wind-collick, which rumbled in his belly, in so much that he lett a great fart, that all the Hall sounded with the loud noise thereof: Another standing by, being much troubled with the same disease, and hearing what had past from the Sergeant, said, Why groan you, my friend? The Mayor hearing the busi-
ness, said with a smiling countenance, I never knew until this day a Sergeant had authority to let goe a prisoner, and it is against the Law: God my Lord (quoth the Sergeant) he was a troublesome knabe and crept thozow the key-
hole, and necessity hath no law: which made much god laughter.

A knavish answer of an unhappy Countrey wench
to a foolish young fellow.

ACertain idle headed young man, that loved to heare himselfe prate though it were of matter to little purpose, upon a fair day riding to a Market Town, overtook by chance, among other creatures of her own kind, an indifferent welfauored, and well grown Countrey wench, whom singling by her selfe as much as he could, he fell to discoursing with, in an odd manner of love-making: when begining very low, marking her new shod feet hanging over her dossers, began with this commendation: Truly Sister, you have a very fine foot there. Yea sir (quoth the wench) that I have a couple. The young man thinking to shew some little wit, in a scoufe replied with this speech: But are they twins, sister? Were they both born at one time? So indeed sir (quoth the woman) there hath been a man born betwixt them. Wherewith her neighbours that rode by her, falling into a laughter, made him find, that she was a married wife: and he galloped away with a flea in his ear.

Aflouting answer to a scoffing question,

Apoor man, upon a time coming into a Market with a very lean horse, setting him neare unto a company of fat and faire Geldings to be sold, was asked of a scoffing companion, how he sold his horse by the ell? which the poor man taking somewhat discontentedly, and yet not willing to quarrell with him, made him an answer fit for his question: when holding up his horses tail, I pray you sir quoth he come put your nose into the shoope and you shall smell the price.

Of a Welchman, how he was served by
the Owle.

In ancient times, I heard of a certain Welchman that sojourning all the day long with never a rag of silver, but relieved with the charity of well disposed people, which in those parts (being in the heat of Summer) was Butter-milk and Whay, and coming to his journies end for that night, was lodg'd in a Barn for want of a Bed: the Butter-milk and Whay began to work and rumble in his belly, so that he could not sleep nor take any rest, but prayed to his Welch Saint for his aid and help. In the morning looking upward he espied by chance an Owle sitting on a beam in his lodging-chamber (namely the Barn) he presently thought it had been an Angel sent by Saint Davie to releive his want, cryed with open mouth to his Angel, saying, One drop of thy mercy, good Lord, but one drop, I beseech thee: Presently the Owle shit, which he caught in his mouch, who cryed again, Enough good Lord, enough, it is somewhat bitter: I cal'd but for one drop, but thou hast given two spoonfulls. And so departed his lodging for that night.

An old Gentlewoman's answer to a flouting Gentleman.

A wild headed young Gallant, walking the streets of London, met by chance an ancient Gentlewoman, in an old decayed gown; that by age was worn shred-bare, the Gallant thinking to break a jest with her, took up the hemm of her garment and kiss it, which she looking back, espied, said, I pray sir, what mean you by that? Oh (quoth he) to honour old age: Alas sir (replied she) you might then have kiss my Arse, it is elder than my gown by forty years. And so she departed laughing.

Of a woman that sent a new suit of cloathes
to Paradise.

A poor man travelling from door to door a beggynge, being lately come from Paris, a City in France, being invited by hunger to a good simple Country Swaines doore, to ask his almes: his wife asked him what he was, and from whence he came? quoth the fellow from Paris. From Paradise (quoth she) then thou knowest my old John there (meaning her former husband) I, quoth the fellow that I doe. I pray thee (quoth he) how doth he doe? Faith (quoth the fellow) poor, he hath meat and drinke enough, but wants cloathes and money. Alas, quoth he, I am sorry for it, I pray thee stay a little; and running up into her Chamber, fetcht down her husbands new suit of cloathes, and five shillings in money, and gave it to the fellow, saying, I pray thee remember me to my poor John, and give him this suit of cloathes and five shillings from me, and wrapt them up in a fardle, which the fellow took, and away he went. Presently her husband came home, and found her very pleasant and merry, singing up and down the house, which she seldom used to doe, and he asked her the cause. Oh husband, quoth she, I have heard from my old John to day, he is in Paradise, and is very well, but wants clothes and money, but I have sent him thy best suit, and five shillings in money. Her husband seeing she was cozened, enquired of her which way the fellow went that had them. Ponder way quoth she, he presently took his best horse Hob, and rode after him for the clothes. The fellow seeing one ride so fast after him, threw the clothes into a ditch and went softly forward: her husband overtaking the fellow, said, Didst not see one goe this way with a little fardle of clothes at his back? Yes, quoth the fellow, he is newly gone into yonder little wood, Oh hold my horse, quoth he, whilst I run in and find him out. I will quoth the fellow, who presently as soon as he was gone into the wood, took up his fardell, leapt on horseback, and away he went: The man returning for his horse, his horse was gone: then going home to his

Mother Bunches Merriments. 15

his wife, she asked him if he overtook the fellow. I sweet heart, quoth he, and I have lent him my best horse hob to ride on, for it is a great long way to Paradise. Truly husband, quoth she, and I shall love thee the better so long as I live, for making so much of my old John. Which caused much good laughter to all that heard it.

Of a worshipfull Gentleman in Lincolnshire,
and his man,

A Certain Gentleman in Lincoln shire, being also a Justice of Peace, had an old servant many years, called Adam Milford, who upon a time came unto his Master, and desired him, in regard he had been his servant so many years, he would now give him something to help him in his old age. Thou sayest true, quoth his Master, and I will tell thee what I will doe : Now shortly I am to ride up to London, if thou wilt pay my cost and charges by the way, I will give thee ere long such a thing, as shall be worth to the an hundred pounds. I am content quoth Adam, and so payed for all their reckoning by the way. Being come to London, he put his Master in mind of his former promise that he had made to him. What, did I promise the, any thing ? Yes, quoth Adam, that you did : for you said, you would give me that which should be worth to me an hundred pounds, for bearing your charges to London. Let me see your writing, quoth his Master. I have none, quoth Adam. Then thou art like to have nothing, quoth his Master : And learn this of me, that when thou makest a bargain with any man, look thou take a writing, and beware how thou makest a writing to any man. This hath availed me an hundred pounds in my dayes. When Adam saw there was no remedy, he was content : but when they should depart, Adam stayed behind his Master, to reckon with his Hostis, and on his Masters Scarlet cloak borrowed so much money, as came to all their charges that he had laid out by the way, his Master had not ridden past two miles ; but it began to rain apace : wherefore he called for his cloak, his other men made answer, that

Adam was behind and had it with him. So they shrowded them under a tree, till Adam came. When he came, his Master said, all angerly, Thou knave, come give me my cloak: hast thou not serued me well, to let me be thus wet? Truly sir, (quoth Adam) I have laid it to pawn for all your charges by the way. Why knave, quoth he, didst thou not promise me to bear my charges to London? Did I, quoth Adam? I quoth his Master, that thou didst. Let's see, shew me your writing of it, quoth Adam. Whereupon his Master perceiving he was over-reacht by his man, was fain to send for his cloak again, and pay the money.

How mad Coomes, when his wife was drowned, sought her against the stream.

Coomes of Stapforzh hearing that his wife was drowned coming from market, went with certain of his friends to see if they could find her in the River: he contrary to all the rest, sought his wife against the stream: which they perceiving, said, he lookt the wrong way. And why so (quoth he ?) Because (quoth they) you should look down the stream, and not against it. Say (quoth he) I shall never find her that way: for she did all things so contrary in her life time, that now she is dead, I am sure she will goe against the stream.

Of the Farmer in Norfolk, and his Physitian.

ACertain rich Farmer having lain long sick in Norfolk, at last sent for a Physitian from the next Market Town: who when he came, he fel his pulses, and viewed his water, and then told them, that he could by no means, nor physick escape, the disease had so much power in his body, and so went his way. Within a while after, by Gods good help, (who is the only giver of all health) the man escaped and was well again, and walking abroad, being still very weak and feble, he met with his Physitian, who being very soze afraid to see him, asked him if

he

Mother Bunches Merriments. 17

he were not such a Farmer; Yes truly (quoth he) I am: Art thou alive or dead (quoth he?) Dead (quoth he) I am: and because I have experience of many things, God hath sent me to take up all Physitians I can get: which made the Physician quiver and quake, and look as pale as ashes for fear. Say, fear not quoth the Farmer, though I named all the Physicians, yet I meant thee for none: for I am sure a verier dunce lives not this day, than thou art: and then I should be a fool to take thee for one, that art moze fit to give doggs physick than men, and so he left him: but the Physician never left quaking till he was out of his Patients sight.

How merry Andrew of Manchester, served a man that would have put him down in his merry sayings.

Andrew once was at supper with his friends, and among the company there was one that flouted at his jests and merry concents. After supper they fell to reasoning among themselves, which was the most reverend part of mans body? One said, the eye: another the nose: a third said the legg: but Andrew knowing that he that spited him should name the contrary, said, the mouth was most reverend of all. Say (quoth the other) the part that we sit on is the most reverend: and because they all marbelled why he should say so, he made this reason, That he was most honourable that was first set, and the part that he named was first set: which saying contented them all, and grieved Andrew. The next day they all met again, and Andrew coming last, found them sitting all together. And when he had saluted them all, but his enemy, he turned his backside to him, and let a great fart in his face. At which the fellow being mightily angry, said, Walk knave with a mischief, where hast thou been brought up? Why art thou angry (quoth Andrew?) If I had saluted thee with my mouth, thou wouldest have saluted me again: and now when I salute with my Arse, that by thy own saying is the most honourable, thou calllest me knave. Then the company fell a laughing at this Jest heartily.

The

The Answer of Mother Bunch to a Promooter.

Mother Bunch keeping an Alehouse in Cornhill London, had great custome, and got much money, for which some of her neighbours envied her happiness, and amongst the rest, one envious neighbour seeing her buy much meat against Lent, knowing it strictly forbidden, and of all the rest took most notice of two leggs of Woxk which she bought: And about the middle of Lent caused the Constable with a Promoter to search her house, and in searching they found none. Ob, quoth her neighbour, you have two legs of Woxk in your house, which we must have. Indeed, quoth Mother Bunch, I have two legs of Woxk, but I am loath to lose them they cost me dear, which made the Promoter more earnest then before, and he would have them before he went. Then (quoth she) come down into the Cellar, and I will shew you them: who coming down, he took up her clothes behind, and laid her hand to her tail, saying to the Promoter, These be the two legs of Woxk, come smell if they will keep while Easter. At which the Promoter was inwardly vexed, but could not tell which way to help himself, and ingreat rage departed.

Of a Doctor and his man.

A Doctor that was newly commenced at Cambridge, charged his servant that he should not say any thing, but which he should aske of him. Within a while after, he invited divers of his friends to dinner, and sent his man to desire another Doctor to come to dine with him. The fellow went, and the Doctor said, I pray you thank your Master, and tell him that I have very great busyness to dispatch to day. So home he comes, and says nothing. When the Guests were all come, they staid from going to dinner for the other Doctor, When they had staid till two of the clock, he asked his man if he had bidden him come to dinner? Yes, quoth his man, that I did.

And

Mother Bunches Merriments. 19

And why doth he not come? Marry he said that he had other busi-
ness, and he could not come. Why didst thou not tell me this
before (quoth his Master?) Why sir (quoth he) because you
did not aske me. Which caused much good laughter to all the
Guests.

The Hartfordshire mans answer to the Abbot of London.

The Abbot riding in Visitation, came to a place where they
had newly built their Steeple, and put out their bells to be
new cast. The Abbot coming near the Towns end, and hear-
ing no bells to ring, in a chafe said to one of the Towns men,
Have you no bells in your steeple? So my Lord, quoth he:
Then said the Abbot, Sell away your steeple. Why so an' please
your Lordship? Because, quoth the Abbot, it standeth void.
Marry said the man, we may as well also sell away any other
thing in our Church as well as that, and better too. What is that
quoth the Abbot? Marry our Pulpit (quoth he) for this se-
ven years we have not had a Sermon in it, nor I think ever shall,
but bells I am sure we shall have shortly.

Of a mad conceited Bulkin.

Bulkin well known in divers places for his mad conceits,
and his couragenage, upon a time came into Kent, to Sitting-
borne: and in divers Villages there about set up bills, that
all sorts of people, young and old, that would come to Sitting-
borne, on such a day, they should find a man there, that would
give a remedy for all kind of diseases: and also would tell them
what would happen unto any of them in five or six years after;
and he would deuise but two pence a peice of any of them;
Whereupon came people of all sortis, and from all places: so
that he gathered of the people that came, to the value of twenty
pounds: and he had provided a Stage, and set it up, and placed
a chaire where he would sit: and so they being all come in, and
every one set in order, he comes to the gate, and takes the mo-

ney from them that gathered it, and bids them look that good rule be kept, and so they did : also he bid them by and by sound the drumme, and then he would begin his Dzations. He, when they were gone, with all hast gets him to the back-side, and there having his Gelding, gets upon his back, and away towards Rochester rides he, as fast as ever he could gallop, Now they thinking he had been preparing of things in a readiness lounched the drumme. The Audience looked still when he would come : and staying one two or threé hours, nay more, thought sure they were cozened. Whereupon one of the company seeing a paper in the chaire on the Stage, took it wherein was written :

Now you have heard the sound of the drumme,

You may all depart like fooles as you come.

Whereupon the men falling to cursing and swearing, the women to scolding, scratching, and biting, were faine to depart like fooles indeed.

Of a Country Priest.

If the old time, when Holy water was in great request, it so chanced, Sir John our Parish Clark meeting in the Church porch on the Sunday morning before mass, he, with some other Ale-tasters, after they had cleared their eyes with a pot of the best liquoꝝ the alehouse afforded, the Parson began to tell them a strange stóry, and after he had spet and spauld, and wiped his beard where the Ale hung, like the dropping of a Hope boylers Apozn: as I was walking (quoth he) in my Orchard, looking upon my tythe Pigs in this great wind, (mark good neighbours what happened) with my Hat in my hand, the wind blew down an Apple, which hit me on the croton of my head, and astonished me for threé hours after, but by cockes-body neighbours, had it been one of my wifes great Pumpions, it had beat out my braines. At which the rest of his neighbours heartily laughed.

Of a rich Widow of Abing-ton.

THIS Widow desired of a Gossip of hers, that she would help her to a husband, not for any carnall desire she had, but onely to keepe her goods, and see to her lands, which is hard (saith she) for me to do my self. The woman, for all her talk, yet knew she spake against her mind: and therefore thre or four dayes after she came to her, and said, Gossip, I have found an husband for you, that is very wise, and worldly given: but he lacks the thing you wot of, whereof I am sure you care not at all. Marry (quoth the widow) let the devill take that husband, if he will: for though I desire not the bodily pleasure, yet, I would not have him lack that thing, which if we chance to fall out, should make us friends again.

How finely one sold two loads
of Hay.

IN London dwelt a mad conceited fellow, which with his wit lived with Gallants, and domineered with good fellowes. Not very long a goe, in Hay-harvest, he gets a pitchforke on his neck, went forth towards Islington in the morning, and meets with two loads of Hay, coming towards the City to be sold: for the which he bargained with them that owed the same, for thirty shillings. But whither shall we bring them, quoth they? To the Swan by Smithfield, said he, And so went his way, and left them: then to the Swan he went, to the good man of the house, and asked if he would buy two loads of Hay? Yes, quoth the In-keeper, where be they? Here they come, quoth he, what shall I pay, quoth the In-keeper? Four bobles a load, quoth the Make-shift. But at last they agreed for twenty shillings. When they were come he bad them unload the Hay. So while they were unloading of it, he came to the In-holder, and said, I pray you let me have my money: for while my men unload, I will buy some stufte to have

home with me. The In-holder was content, and gave him money, and so he went away. When the men had unloaded their Hay, they came and demanded their money. I have paid your Master (quoth the In-holder.) What Master, quoth they? Harry quoth he, he that bad you bring the Hay hither. We know him not quoth they. Soz I neither quoth he, but with him I bargained, and him have I paid, with you I medled not, and therefore go seek him if you will. and so the poor men were cozened.

Of a young Gentleman that would have kissed a Maid with a long nose.

A Young scoffing Gentleman would have kissed a Maid that had somewhat a long nose, to whom he said, How shall I kiss you, your nose is so long that our lips cannot meet; The Maid waxing angry in minde, said, If sir you cannot kiss my mouth for my nose, you may kiss me behind, whereas I have never a nose. And so she departed.

Of a woman that went to Confession.

¶ a time a poor labouring mans wife being at Confession, her ghostly father enquired of her, if there was nothing else that troubled her conscience, she told him yes: but she doubted whether she might be pardoned, yea, or no: Yes no doubt (quoth the Confessor) with true confession, penance, and satisfaction, therefore confess. The woman (though loath) yet at length confessed unto him, that she had thre children, but the youngest was none of her husbands. Oh, quoth he, that is but a small fault, but I may not absolve you until you have told the same unto your husband: So away goes the woman very much discontented, and pondering in her mind how she should accomplish this penance, which long she was not about before she had found a means: To be short, her husband comes home weary from work, after supper makes hast to bed, where he, his wife, and the youngest child lay all together. So sooner

was

was the man fald into a sumber, but his wife pulleth a stuk
pin from her head geare, and prickerth the child in the buttock,
the child crying, troubled the man from sleep, which made him
say, What a plague is this to a man that hath been all day at
hard labour, and cannot take his rest in quiet in his bed, for this
bauling brat. Then she would again prick it, but she said, she
could not help it : till at length she counselled her husband to
rise and fricht the child, who presently rose out of his naked bed,
and cried Boe Bulbegger, away Bulbegger (quoth his wife)
it is none of thy child, and then the next day he was absolved by
her ghosly father.

Of a Mountibank and a ploughman.

A brace of Swains being one day at Plough together :
the one was a well orderly fellow, the other a young scrip-
ling (such an one as our common Proverb calleth a Hobberde-
hoy) the elder holding the Plough, the other driving the cattle,
but still as he was a driving, he was much troubled with an itch-
ing or swelling about his groine, which his fellow perceiving,
would needs know what was the matter ; with much a doe, at
last he shewed him, Aye me, quoth he, this is a dangerous
matter, and if thou hast not speedy help, thou canst not live :
What shall I doe (quoth the younger ?) The elder answered,
Runn presently to the town, and enquire for Master Doctor,
and he will give you remedy. So away runs the fellow to
the Quack-salver, and raps at his door, out comes his man,
and enquired his busyness, I would speake with Master Doc-
tor, (quoth the fellow) His man answered he was not now
within. Aye me, said the fellow, I am then a dead man : At which
the Doctors man would fain know the reason, but he would not
tell him : Well quoth the man I le se if he be within. So going
up Staires to his Master (who was then at dinner) he told him
what the fellow said who starting up presently, came to the fel-
low, and would needs know his grief : who presently shewed
all and said, Without your helpe there is no life for me. This
is dangerous indeed (quoth the Doctor) but we will have speedy

remedy, and calling to his man, bad him fetch a bucket of cold water, and bathe the swelled member therein, who did so, and presently the fellow was recovered: Then asking his Doctor what would content him; Nothing of thre (quoth the Doctor) thou art but a servant, and if thou art troubled at any time with this disease, I will help thee for nothing. So the fellow taking his leave with many thanks he departed. Now the Mountebank made hast to his dinner again, and smiling to himself as he sate at his table, his wife would needs know the reason of his smiling: Nothing, said he, wife: Pray you (quoth she) let me know, at which he answered, It was not fit for her to know it: then she was moze impoztunate then before, that at length she must needs know it: at which tale of his she smiled, but it would not out of her mind. Well the next day the fellow was troubled with the same disease, and to the Doctor he must needs come again: It chanced so, that the Doctor was walked into the town and she had sent her man on an arrand, at length the fellow comes and knocks at the doore: then she steps forth to the doore enquiring his busyness. Harry (quoth he) I must speak with master Doctor: he answered, he was not within: then cryed he out and said, he was but a dead man, Oh (quoth she) you were here yesterday, I pray you come in, I can help you with moze ease then before. Can you (quoth the fellow) I pray you use your skill. So having him into an inward roome, she made triall of her skill. Then the fellow thanking the Doctors wife, departed to his work again, and running thorow the town, the Doctor was sitting in his Apothecaries shop with certain Gentlemen laughing at what had happened the day before; and as he was thus speaking, the fellow came by. (Quoth the Doctor) yonder is the fellow. He lay any wager he hath been now at my house: and calling him to him, asked if he had been troubled with his former disease. I (quoth the fellow,) But you are but a dunce, and you shall help me no more, your wife doth cure it farre better, and with moze pleasure, and she bids me come every houre (if you are forth) she will help me presently. At which the Doctor hung down his head, and was inwardly vexed: the Gentlemen heartily laughing.

The Lawyer and the Devill.

Two Country men being at law, and great suits had been betwixt them, and much money spent in hope to have an end: a friend comes to one of them, and tells him his Adversary had remov'd his suit into another Court: at which the other replied, let him remov it to the devill if he will, I am sure I shall have a lawyer to follow it.

Of a Gentleman that asked a Lady forgiveness.

A Certaine conceited Gentleman, on a time falling out with a Lady, in a cholerick humour called her whore, which Lady, taking it in great disdaine, to habe her ladyships name thus scandalizing, would by all meanes possible have him to the spirituall Court, and either prove her so as he had reported, or else to abide the extremity of the law. But certaine friends on both sides, wrought with the lady, and telling her, he was but a fantastick, and a kind of a mad man, and that it would be more for her ladyships honour to forgive and forget, seeing all the world knew her chastity without the least spot or blemish: she at last condescended upon this condition that before certaine of her friends, and his, he shoulde aske her forgiveness in the same place he had so wronged her. To conclude, the Gentleman was willing, and so comming amongst them all, he kneeled before her ladyship, and spake these words following: Madame, I called you whore ('tis true,) I am come to aske you forgiveness, (I am sory for it,) you are no Whore, (I lie,) Well sir (quoth the lady,) I freely forgive you with all my heart: but take heed how you abuse a chaste ladies reputation hereafter.

How

How drunken *Mullins* of Stratford dreamed
he found gold.

Mullins being drunk, and lying in his bed, dreamed that the devill led him into a field to dig for gold: and when he had found the gold, the Devill said, Thou canst not carry it away now, but mark the place, that thou maist fetel it another time. What mark (quoth Mullins ?) With Pilgrime salbe (quoth the devill) for that shall cause every man to han the place, and for thre it shall be a speciall mark. Where he did so. And when he awaked, he perceived he had foully bewrayed his bed. Thus between stink and durt, up he rose, and made him ready to go forth. And last of all, he put on his Hat, wherein also the Cat had hit : so, for great stink, he thzwoe away his Hat, and was fain to wash his head. Thus all his golden dream was turned to a —

Of a young woman of Barnet that sorrowed for her husbands death.

ISE Barnet was a young woman, then when her husband lay a dying, sorrowed out of measure, for fear that she should lose him. Her father came to her, desiring her to be contented: for he had provided her another husband, a far more handsome man. But she did not onely continue in her sorrow, but was also greatly displeased, that her father made any motion to her of any other husband. As soon as her other husband was buried, and the Sermon was done, and they were at supper, between sobbing and weeping, she rounded her father in the eare, and said: Father, where is the young man that you told me shoud be my husband? for very hardly I purpose to be married. At which her father suddenly fell a laughing.

A poor Beggers answer to a rich
Citizen.

A Poor begger, that was foul, black, and loathsome to behold, came to a rich Citizen, and asked his almes. To whom the Citizen said I pray get thee hence from me, for thou lookest as though thou camest out of hell. The poor man perceiving he shold get nothing, answered, forsooth sir, you say truth, I came out of hell indeed. Why didst thou not tarry there still, quoth the Citizen? Marry sir (quoth the begger) there is no roome for such poor beggers as I am: all is kept for such Gentlemen as you are.

A tale of the Country-womans
answer.

A Country-woman passing along the high-way towards the Market, it being a cold frosty morning, was compelled to unburthen her self of Matures due, and it happened to be on the top of a hill: no sooner had she ended, but two Country-soldiers, strangers unto her, came by the same way: one of them willing to make himself merry with this accident, he thus salutes the poor woman. Good wife (quoth he) in our Country when the Hens lay an egge, they use to kacke. Tis true indeed (quoth the woman) and so would I have done too, my friend, but that I fear'd such a knave as thou art, would have stollen my egge. Yet to save your longing, take one mouthfull, and be gone. the Country-woman went laughing away, he having not a word to reply.

The subtily of Kindlecoale the Lawyer repayed
with the like craft.

There was an unthrift in London, that had received of a Merchant certain wares, which came to fifty pounds, to pay at thre moneths, and at thre moneths: but when he had it,

he consuaded and spent it all: so that at the six moneths end, there was not any left to pay the Merchant: Wherefore the Merchant arrested him. When he saw there was no other remedie, but either to pay the debt, or goe to prison, he sent to a subtill Lawyer, and asked his counsell how he might clear himself of that debt. What wilt thou give me (quoth he) if I doe five marks (quoth the other) and here it is: and as soon as you have done, you shall have it. Well, saith the Lawyer, but thou must be ruled by my counsell, and doe thus: When thou comest before the Judge, whatsoever he saith unto thee, answer thou nothing, but cry Bea, still, and let me alone with the rest. So when he came before the Judge, he said to the Debter, Dost thou owe this merchant so much money? Bea (quoth he.) What beast (quoth he?) answer to that I aske thee. Bea (quoth he again.) Why how now, quoth the Judge? I think this fellow hath gotten a sheeps tongue in his head: for he answereth in the shæps language. Why sir, quoth the Lawyer, doe you think this Merchant that is so wise a man, would be so foolish, as to trust this Idiot with fifty pounds worth of ware, that can speak never a word? So sir I warrant you. And he perswaded the Judge to cast the Merchant in his own suit. And so the Judge departed, and the Courte brake up. Then the Lawyer came to his Client and asked him his money, since his promise was performed and his debt discharged. Bea (quoth he,) Why, thou needst not cry Bea any longer, but pay me my money. Bea (quoth he again,) Why, thou will not serve me so, I hope (quoth the Lawyer) now I have used thee so kindly. But nothing but Bea could Master Lawyer get for his paines, and was fain to depart with a flea in his ear.

Of a woman that desired her husband might
go to the Devil.

On a Winters evening a Countrey husbandman went to fetch his wifes fine home to milk, driving them into the backside, he forgot to shut the gate, and he comes into the house, sits him down by the fire side: the wife finding the gate open ran trotting and lowing down the derty lane toward the field, and the mans daughter looking forth at the door and seeing them, cries out to her Mother, Faith my father is a fine man, I think the wife are gone to the debill. shall I goe after them? So (quoth her mother) daughter you are too forward: Let your father goe, he's fitter, he has his hie-shoon on.

Of a Gentleman of Norfolk and
his Host.

AGentleman of Norfolk, as he was riding towards London in the Winter time, and sitting by the fire side with his Host, until supper could be made ready, there happened a Rabbit to be at the fire a roasting, which the Gentleman perceived to be very lean, as he thought, Quoth he unto his Host, We have Rabbits in our Country, that one will drip a bottle, and basi it self. The In-keeper wondred with himself, and did think it to be a lie, but would not say so, for manners sake, and because he was his guest: but thinking to requite him, Now truely, quoth he, it is very strange: but I can tell you of as strange a thing as that: Which the Gentleman was desirous to hear. Quoth he I had as fine a Grayhound as any was in England: and if I had happened to goe abroad to my grounds, the Grayhound would alway goe with me. And sometime there would start out a Hare before me, which my Grayhound would quickly catch. It fortuned that my dog died, and for very love that I bare to him, I made me a bottle of his skin, to carry drinck withall, So, one time in hay-harvest, my folkes being making of hay in my grounds, and the weather

hot, I filled my bottle with Beere, to carry to them, lest they shoulde lack drinke. And as I was going along, there starts a Hare out of a bush before me: and as it was my custome, I cryed, Now, now, now. My bottle leaping from my girdle, ran and chachted the Hare. What (quoth the Gentleman) me thinks that shoulde be a lie. Truly sir, said the In-keeper, so did I think yours was. The Gentleman perceiving that he was required for his kindness, held himself contented.

A tale of a Gentleman and his
man.

A Gentleman upon a time having a man that could write and read well, rebuked him one day for idleness, saying, If I had nothing to doe like these, I would to recreate my wit, goe set down all the fools I knew. The fellow making little answer, took his pen and ink, and as h's Master had wished him self to setting down a Catalogue of the fools that he was well acquainted with: among whom, and first of all, he set down his Master, who reading his name, would needs know the nature of his folly. Marry, quoth he, In lending your Cozen twenty pounds the other day: for I think he will never pay you. Pea, but (quoth his Master) what if he doe pay me: then (quoth his man) I will put out your name, and put down his for a fool.

The King of France his reward to a
Miser.

The King of France, Charles the first, being presented by a poor Gardiner, with a Turnep of a huge greatness, gave him for his reward five hundred crowns, giving him charge to lay it up, and keep it safely for him, till he did call for it. Which bounty being noted of all his Court, and chiesly obserued by one covetous rich officer of his house, caused him, in hope of some greater recompence for a greater present, to present his Majestie with a faire and godly horse: which the King thankfully receiving,

Mother Bunches Merriments. 31

receiving, noting his miserable nature, and that his gift rather did proceed from hope of gain, then god will, called for the Turnep; wherewith he rewarded the miserable Ashe: at which, he no less fretted, then all that saw it heartily laughed. And so I wish all such Churles to be served.

The answer of a Gentlemans man to his Master.

A Worshipfull Gentleman in London, having on a time invited divers of his friends to supper to his house, and being at supper, the second course comming in, the first was one of the Gentlemans own men, bringing a Capon: and by chance stumbled at the portall door, the Capon fiew out of the platter and ran along the board to the upper end of the table where the Master of the house sat, who making a jest of it, said By my faith, it is well, the Capon is come first, my man will come anon too, I hope. By an by came his man, and takes up the Capon, and layes it in the platter, and sets it on the board. I thank you sir, quoth his Master, I could have done so my selfe. I, quoth his man, it is an easie matter, sir for one to doo thing when he sees it done before his face.

Of a drunken fellow that fell in the muddyness of the night and was smot downe. And the next day he was found dead.
T Here was a notable drunkard of Rochester, whom his wife persuaded as much as in her lay, to leave that sin: but the more she spake, the worse he was, and because she controwled him, he would all to beat her. So she let him alone: and because his use was still to stay out till almost midnight, she went to bed, and had her maid tarry up for him, and make a god fire: and the maid did as her Mistress commanded. One night when he came home the maid let him in, and he stood by the fire and warmed himself: but his bread being too heavy for his body, downe he fell into the fire along. The maid ran

Pasquils Jests, and

crying, Oh Mistress, Mistress, my Master is faine into the fire.
So matter Maid (quoth she) let him take his pleasure in his
own house where he will himself.

Of King Henry and the Countrey-
man.

King Henry riding on hunting, in the County of Kent, he came by chance to a great gate, that he must needs pass thorow, and in the way stood a Ploughman, to whom the King said, I pray the good fellow open me the gate: the fellow perceiving it was the King, stood like an image, and said, So, and it shall please your Grace (quoth he) I am not worthy to be in that office, but I will fetch Master Cooper (which was a Justice) that dwelleth but two miles hence, and he shall open you the gate. And so ran away as fast as ever he could, leaving the King to open the gate himself.

How a woman to hide a small fault, shewed
a greater.

A Woman of Romford had for some cause shaven her head, and newly as she put off her kerchief off her head, one of her neighbours called for her hastily into the street. When her neighbour saw her so, she blamed her for coming abroad bare-headed. She rememb'ring her self, whipt up her cloathes from behind her, over her head. And so to hide her head, she shewed her bare taile.

Of a Boobee.

In Coventry two trades-men falling at oddes, the one calld the other Rogue, Rascall, Willain, Base-fellow, with many other reproachfull termes of disgrace. The party thus wronged told the other he was a Boobee, and still whatsoever the other said, he replied, Thou art a Boobee, and I will prove it: then departing in a great chace: his adversary laughing,

and

and going in great anger through the City, at last met one of his neighbours, of his familiar acquaintance, and after some conference, told him, that there was a great falling out betwixt himself and such a neighbour, and named his Adversary, shewing also how many reproachfull termes he had given him, and still he called him Boobee, and he was desirous to know what a Boobee was: Why, said his friend whom he met, give me but a quart of wine, and I will tell you what a Boobee is, which he willingly condescended to doe. Being in the Tavern, one pint was called foy with Sugar, and still he was desirous to know the meaning of a Boobee, Say stay (quoth his friend) we must have the other pint, so it was called foy too, and the reckoning by him pa'd foy: he now desired to know what a Boobee was. Quoth his friend, a Boobee is he that being married a twelve month and a day, and hath not seen his wives Concupiscence, he is a Boobee and no other. Say then (quoth the Boobee) he saith true: for one night as she lay sleeping, I went to see her Merkin, and coming with a candle, and softly pulling up the cloathes, she up with her legs and let a Fart, which blew out the candle, after which, I durst not attempt any more, at which his neighbour heartily laughed, and he remained a Boobee.

A Jest of a plain Country fellow.

A Plain country fellow, riding along the high way, met by chance a Coach, and therein was sitting a very handsome Gentlewoman in rich attire. The plain Country fellow sel-dome having seen a Coach before, admired at the sight he saw, thinking it had been some he venly vision: Traveling thus with admiration, he presently meets with a Gentleman riding after the Coach a good pace, whom the Country fellow thus saluted, God save you sir, I pray you what Lady rides in yonder whiting house. It is (quoth the Gentleman) the Queen of Spades good honest man. I thought so indeed (quoth the Country fellow) the Knave of Clubs posses after so spedily.

A Gentlewoman's witty
answer.

A Gentleman walking in the fields for his recreation, over-
took by chance a Citizens wife, which was a very hand-
some proper bodied woman, with a good leg and foot, which
gave him great content, seldom having seen the like, and go-
ing forwards to see her face, which done, he thus saluted her.
Faire Lady, had I liked you as well before, as I doe behinde,
I would have made bold to kisse you. Sir, quoth she, I pray
you leaue your complements, and kisse where you like. At
which sudden answer of hers the Gentleman departed, having
not wit equall to reply.

How a mad man in Gloucester-shire answered
a Gentleman.

In Gloucester-shire dwelt one that cured frantick men in this
manner: when their fit was on them, he would put them in
a gutter of water, some to the knees, some to the middle, and
some to the neck, as the disease was on them. So one that
was well amended, standing at the gate, by chance a Gentle-
man came riding by with his Hawks, and his Hounds. The
mad fellow called him, and said, Gentleman, whither go you;
On hunting (quoth the Gentleman.) What doe you with all
those Vites and Dogs? They be Hawks and Hounds, quoth
the Gentleman. Wherefore keep you them (quoth the other?)
Why (quoth he) for my pleasure. What doe they cost you
a year to keep them? Forty pounds (quoth the Gentleman.)
And what doe they profit you (quoth he?) Some ten pounds
(quoth the Gentleman.) Get thee quickly hence, quoth the fel-
low, for if my Master find thee here, he will put thee into the
gutter up to the throat.

Of an Hermit by Paris, that lay with all the
chiefest Gentlewomen in the
Countrey.

This notable knabe that under colour of holiness, enticed all
the chiefest Warrons of the Countrey to folly; at last, his
doings were detected and known, and he was brought before the
Duke of Anjou, which to heare the number of them, for his plea-
sure, called his Secretary to write them down. The Secretary
had them recouitthem. The Hermit named to the number of
seven and twenty of the Dukes servants wives, and others, and
then stood still and said nothing. Is there no more (quoth the
Duke?) So, and it shall like your Grace, (quoth the Her-
mit,) Tell troth, quoth the Secretary, for if thou dost not,
thou shalt be sharply punished. Then said the Hermit, sighing,
to make up the eight and twenty, writ thine own wife in the num-
ber. Whereupon the Secretary for very grieve let fall his pen.
And the Duke laughing heartily, said, I am glad that he that
with so great pleasure, hath heard the faults of other mens wives,
should now come into the same number himself.

Of a holy Sister.

A Sister of the purer sort being at home alone, and her hus-
band walked abroad, a brother of acquaintance came to
visit her, who after some salutations (and having this opportu-
nity) the spirit began to work, and he must have a bit to stay
his stomack: well, there needed no great siege when the sort is
willing to yeeld, in the mean time one knocks at the doo^r. Oh
(quoth she) verily we are both undone, there is my husband at
the doo^r. Ay me my holy sister (quoth he) what shall I doe?
Hide (quoth she) my pure brother your self on the Lester of
the bed. So up he got, were he lay in a pitifull fear. She
coming to the doo^r, another bird of the same feather saluted her.
saying, Dear sister, I met thy husband abroad, and now

I am come to visit thee at home. Oh (said she) he will not stay. He leopard a joynt (quoth he) and into her chamber he rusheth, where he said he would use her neither better nor worse then he did his own wife: she being loath because of her other companion on the Lester of the bed, but he would have no deniall, and she durst not seem too strange because of her former familiar acquaintance: Well, you may imagine what you please, but in the mean time her husband knockes at the doo^r indeed, what shif^t to make with her second love she knew not, nor must she stand to consult, yet at last she willed him to creep underneath the bed to hide himself. Then her husband coming into the Chamber, found the bed tumbled, and other such like suspition, and enquired of his wife who had been there, for he had some cause of iealousie? Merily (quoth she) sweet husband, here hath been no body since you went. Thou liest like a whore (quoth he.) Surely (quoth she) there is one above knows all. The man on the top of the bed hearing her say so, and thinking she meant him, answered, You lie like a queane, there is one under the bed knows as much as I doe. Whereby they were both discovered.

Of a Maid that would have her Maidenhead
againe.

A Country young Girle, of the age of fifteen, was to be married on the Sunday following, and on the Thursday before she came to London to buy a Hat, and her mother gave her nine shillings to buy a Hat and Band, and bad her buy as handsome a one as she could. The maid came to London, and at Ludgate-hill lighted into a shop, where by chance the Master being a Batchelor, and within, seeing a handsome Maid, shewed her the best and of good price. She said she had not so much to give as he demanded. Why sister (quoth the Habberdasher) if you have no money, I will take your Maidenhead for payment for my hat. Maidenhead (quoth the Wench) what's that? Why come up into the next room (quoth he) and I will tell you? which she willingly did, what he did with her you may imagine,

Mother Bunches Merriments. 37

Imagine, but he had her Maidenhead and gave her the Hat. The Wench very glad of this good fortune, of having her money again, and a new Hat too, went home very merrily to her mother, and shewing her her new Hat, which her mother liked exceeding well: But (quoth she) what didst thou pay daughter for it? A small matter (quoth the daughter) and I have my money too. What (quoth her mother) daughter, I hope you have not stolen it? So (quoth her daughter) mother, the Habber-dasher gave it me. For what (quoth her mother?) if he would have no money: Mother, quoth she, he desired to have my maidenhead, and had it, and gave me a quart of wine too, and this new Hat and Band. But thou whoze, quoth her mother, goe take money with you, and goe to London again and fetch your Maidenhead of him, and pay him for his Hat. Which she did, and coming to Ludgate-hill, divers askt her what she lackt, at last she espied him, and gave him the Hat: who called her in, and up staires they went. Sir, quoth she, my mother hath sent me for my Maidenhead again, and I have brought you money for the Hat. That thou shalt sweet-heart, quoth he, and made no more adoe but presently took her into his Chamber as before. At which jest there was exceeding good laughter.

Of the two Travellers.

SIR Gregory Fobbe, a great traveller, meeting at an Ordinary, began to relate to Sir Lionell Loudlier, what strange wonders he had seen in his long and tedious travells, (as travellers may lie by authority,) quoth he, I have seen a Cabidge so big, and great, that it covered a piece of ground some seventeen akers, and an Army of fifty thousand fighting men stood (to save them from the rain) under the leaves of it, and had not one drop of rain fell upon their Armour. Oh, quoth sir Lionell Loudlier, that is nothing to the strange wonder I have seen, for in my travells I have seen a Cauldron a making so huge

and big, that thre hundred and fifty men wroughe on it, drayng in the nailes with great hammers, and they stod so farre asunder, the one could not heare the other knock. But (quoth sir Gregory Fobbe) what was that Caldron made for? (quoth sir Lionell Loundlier) To boile your great Cabbidge in, and to parboyle their tonges that told so loud a lie. Which great wonders moved much good laughter.

The answer of a witty Country Maid.

There was a company of merry Youths walking from Bansted, four miles from London, met by chance two Country witty Wenchess, going from London with Baskets on their armes: quoth one of the men, Faire Maid, what news at London? Oh sir (quoth one of the Maids) God send you better fortune then one had at London to day. Why (quoth one of the men) what was the matter? Sir (quoth the Maid) as he lay sleeping in the fields, Pies came and pickt a hole in his taile, so big you can hardly cover it with with your face. And so the Maid departed laughing.

A pretty tale of a Bridegroome and the Bride.

A Man of middle age, having been a notable wenchur in his youth, and making love unto many, promising marriage unto them, untill he had his pleasure of them, and then he cast them off as his fancy served. At last was surter to one wiser then the rest, (that had formerly been so served in trusting to the promises of young men, they having had their wills of her, he finding he could not prevaile, thought her honestier then the rest) and would needs marry her, and did so, and to his wedding invited all those with whom he had lien, and wished them to bring every one a bride-cake, which they did. His Bride at night asked him what all those Maids were, that so kindly brought so many Cakes. Those Maids (quoth he) I have lien withall

Mother Bunches Merriments. 39

withall every one, and as many more, and promised them mariage untill I had my will of them, which if I could have had of the, I would never have married the. I (quoth she) have been often so served, and if I should have bidden all those men bring Chases which have lien with me, we should have had Cake and Chase enough for this twelve-moneth. Which the Bride-maids hearing, fell into a laughter, and all was discovered.

Of him that did talke and prate, and knew not
the Law.

A

A Notable young Rogue, having plaid some notable knavish prank, was for the offence to be whipt, and as he was ready to be tied to the Cart, he said to the Beadle that shold whip him: Here is ten shillings for thee, I pray thee use me kindly, and deal not too cruelly with me: to whom the Beadle promised great curtesie; but being tied fast to the Cart, he whipt him very severly. The fellow called unto him, and bad him remeinder his promise: What knave (quoth the Beadle) doest prate, and talk and knowest not the Law. Afterward being released he verthought himself how he mght be revenged on the Beadle, and seeing him stand in the Market, picks a pocket, and puts the purse into the Beadles pocket, and goes to the fellow, from whom he had stolen the purse, saying Friend doe you miss nothing? who presently cryes out, saying, He had lost his purse. Yonder Beadle hath it (quoth he) and you shall find it in his pocket, I saw him take it. The man that had lost his purse goes unto the Beadle, and apprehends him, for his purse, who utterly denied he had it, neither knew of any such matter. But being found about him, he was condemned to die for it. The pick-pocket being imprisoned again for some small fault, desired he mght be hangman for that day, and it was granted: When the Beadle came to be hanged, Sirrah (quoth the pick-pocket) doe you remember how you whipt me the other day when I gave you ten shillings? I (quoth the Beadle) I pray thee forgive me, I am now ready to dye. I, sirrah (quoth he)

F 3

thank

thank me for it, for I pickt the purse, and put it in your pocket. With that the Beadle began to cry aloud, saying, Hold, hold. What knave (quoth the pick pocket) do'st talke, and prate, and knowest not the Law. And so he turned him beside the Ladder.

The Irish mans welcome into
England.

A ^Puntravell'd Irish man intended to see England, and a-
rriving at London, chanced to light on a Barbers shop,
supposing by his cluster of Basons hanging at the doo^r, it must
of necessity be some penny-pottage Ordinary: and wanting the
language entred the shop, and pointed to his mouth, meaning
some victuals to stay his hunger. The Barber gathered by
this signe, that the poore fellow had pain in his teeth, and desired
to have one pluckt out; willed him to sit down in his Chaire,
and approached with his dismall instruments towards the fel-
lows chaps. The Irish man began to wonder at this strange
kind of feeding, gibing the Barber to understand (so well as
he could) he was never brought up to that kind of feeding, and
with an unmannerly thurst, bad him, Abant. The Barber half
discontented, tumbled the Irish man with his Chaire upside
down, who sprawling on the ground began to seek after the
doo^r, and made as much hast to his lodging as he could: where,
meeting with one of his Country-men, he prayed him of all
loves to depart this Country of England, and return to that wo-
thy Ireland. For (quoth he) the divell dwells here, and no
honest men, since when a poore stranger makes shew of hunger,
the knabish Inhabitants will break out mens teeth like dogs,
and so send us to our Country again with never a tooth in our
heads: which caused much good mirth to all that heard it.

The Gentleman's debt paid, when his
beard was shaven.

A Gentleman of Franckford in Germany, had borrowed of a Jew (of the same town) a thousand Duckets, and missing his day of payment, he sought from time to time to absent himself from his Creditor. Not long after, the Jew espied him going into a Barbers shop, and ran presently and fetcht a couple of Serjeants to arrest the debtor now at the Barbers a trimming. Which done, the Jew came and found the Gentleman half shaved, and demanded whether he would instantly discharge his debt, or accept the arrest. The Gentleman being driven to a nonplus, caught sudden hold of his sword and asked the Jew, if he would not attend till his beard was all shaven? The Jew answered, Yea with all his heart. Why then (quoth the Gentleman) Barber and Serjeants bear witness what the Jew hath promised. Contented (quoth the Jew,) Well Barber, then I will not have my beard shaven this twelve moneth. The Jew began to stamp, curse, and ban, and finally procured the Serjeants to carry him before a Governoz, who well considering the matter, dismissed both the Gentleman and the Jew, as both free men, without farther challenge of debt, until the Gentleman's beard was all shaven, which till his dying day he never suffered. And the Jew lost his money.

A Jest, saving your reverence, worth the
laughing at.

If a City, I find not where, met a company, I know not who, and about I know not what: but after that they had laid their heads together, to conclude upon a thing of nothing, as the use is of such kind of people, fearing to surfeit of fasting, they got them to dinner, where, when their bellies were full of wine, their braines set their tongues to work about wonders: and having made a great noise to little purpose, they fell to questioning

questioning among themselves, what was the rarest thing in the world. One, he said, the Phenix because there was but one, and she killed her self, and lived again of her own ashes. Another said, a Diamond, because it would write in glass: another said, a Parrat, because it would speake like a man: another said, a true friend, the world was so full of falsehood: another said, Gold, for that it wrought wonders in the world: and another said, Love, because it robb'd wise men of their wits. But while they did thus differ in their opinions, one merry companion being willing to say his minde, upon a sudden falling into a laughter, told them they were all fooles, for he knew a rarer thing then all they: which they desiring to know, he told them it was a sweet arse-hole. Whereat every one holding themselves by the nose, left of their talk, and laughing at the fool, rose from the table.

Of a Parish Clark.

Often have I heard my Grandmother tell, that in her dayes a Parish Clark of London, having been a notable good fellow, sitting up all one Saturday night at Cards with some of his boon Companions, so that upon Sunday he was very sleepy, in so much that as Master Parson was at Sermon, he fell fast asleep: when the Minister had ended his Sermon, it fortuned he was still fast asleep, which a neighbour espying, not willing to have it seen, steps unto him, and puls him hastily by the sleeve, who as it seemed was adreamt of his last nights play, and presently started up, crying with a loud voice, Hold, hold, a paire of Knaves and one and twenty: which caused much good laughter to the Parish, and he was dismissit of his place.

Mother Bunches Merriments.

43

A quicke conceit of a witty Wench.

A honest Country Farmer, whose wife was great with child, and longing for a paire of wood Pidgeons, intreated her kinde husband, by all means possible to procure them, who against the next Sunday most carefully did as his wife had willed: This plain dealing man (hearing the last peale to Service) away he hies him: In the mean time his wife, good woman, thinking the time tedious till he had satisfied her longing desire, with all expedition causeth her maid to lay the Pidgeons to the fire, and being but half roasted, she made a quicke dispatch. In the mean while, Service being ended, her husband inviteth the Vicar of the Parish (being a Batchelor) to dinner, which he most kindly accepted. Coming home together, the good man bids him welcome, and bringes him into his Hall, where the cloath was already laid, and called to his Wife and Maid to bring away the meat, his wife having eaten the roastmeat, and seeing the Vicar to dine there, was much abashed. But, quoth the Maid, Dame let it not trouble you, let me alone to salve the matter. Well quoth her Dame, that shall be tried. Then the good man stepping forth at the back-doore, in comes the Wench to Master Vicar, and tells him, Oh sir, if you tender your own welfare, as I doe, with all expedition be gone, for my Master being extream jealous of you, hath invited you to dinner, and hath vowed to cut off both your stomes, and when you see him whet his knife on the Cart-wheel (as she knew well he usually did) then look to your self: which presently her Master did indeed: at which sight away runs sic Domine, not knowing of the Pidgeons, but rememb'ring what the Maid had told him: Presently the Maid comes with open mouth to her Master, and tells him the Vicar had run away with her Dames Pidgeons, and it would cost her life if she had them not again: at which, the good man minding nothing but the Pidgeons, made all the hast he could, running after the Vicar with his naked knife in his hand, and said, Come again Master Vicar I beseech you, let me have but one, my Wife longs for

G

one

one of them. Master Vicar runnes away, and swears not one, no not one, quoth he, if it would save thy life thou knave, I prize my ware at a better rate, At which witty conceit of the maides the Mistress heartily laughed.

A pretty tale of a Complainant, that cried to a Judge
for justice, yet refused it when it was
offered,

Onse Dormo, a certain Tiler sitting upon the ridge of a house, laying on certayne roof tiles, looking back, and reaching somewhat too far, for a little morter, that lay by him, fell backward, and by good hap, fell upon a man that was sitting under the house, whom with his fall he bruised to death, but thereby saving his own life. Not many dayes after, a son of the dead mans, caused this man to be apprehended for murther, and having him before the Judge, cried unto the Judge for justice: who asking of the prisoner what he could say for himself, received this answer: Truly sir, I never thought the man any hurt, neither did I think to fall: but since it was my hap to hit upon him to save my life, if it please your Lordship, I am contented that he shall have justice: for my self, I had no malice to his father, though I see he hath a great deal to me: but let him doe his worst, I care not, I aske no favour: let him go up to the top of the house where I sat, and I will sit where his father sat, let him fall from the place as cunningly as he can, and fall upon me to save his life, I will be contented. The Judge seeing the mans innocency, and how faire he was from intent of any evill to the man whom he had slain, willed the Complainant to take his course for his contentment: which he refusing, was dismissed the Court, and the Prisoner thus by his witty answer released.

Mother Bunches Merriments.

45

How a Merchant lost his purse between Waltham
and London.

A Merchant that travelled between Ware and London lost his budget, wherein was a hundred pound, who caused to proclaime in all Villages, and market-Towns, that who so had found the same, and would restore it again, should have twenty pounds for his paines. An honest husbandman that chanced to find it, brought it to the Bailife of Ware, and required his twenty pounds for his paines, when he delivered it. When the covetous Merchant understood this, and that he must needs pay twenty pound for the finding of it, he said, There was one hundred and twenty pounds in the budget, and so would have had his own mony, and twenty pound over. So long they strove, that the matter was brought before a Justice. When the Justice understood by the Bailiff, that the cry was made for a budget with a hundred pound in it, he demanded where it was? Here (quoth the Bailiff) and gave it to him. Is it just an hundred pound (quoth the Justice?) Yes (quoth the Bailiff.) Hold (quoth the Justice to him that found the budget) take thou this mony to thy use, and if thou happen to find a Budget with an hundred and twenty pound, bring it to this honest Merchant man. It is mine, I lost no more but an hundred pound (quoth the Merchant.) You speak now too late (quoth the Justice) for your covetousness hath beguiled your self.

The jealous Merchant.

A Rich Merchant of London had a very fair woman to his wife, and was exceeding jealous of her honesty. It hap- pened that he had occasion to travell into the Countrey, and therefore intreated his wife to grant him one request before he went. What is that (quoth she?) Only this, quoth he, that whosoever comes to speak with you untill my return home, you shall alwayes answer so: which she promised to performe. The next morning he departed, and presently after dinner came a Gentleman to have spoken with the Merchant, demanding of the servant for his Master: he is (quoth the servant) gone into the Country. Where is then your Mistress (quoth the Gentleman?) the servant answered, She is above sir. The Gentleman went up, and found her at her book, and de- manded if she were the Mistress of the house? she answered, according to her promise, So. The Gentleman asked if then the Mistress of the house were within: she answered So, the Gentleman was half angry at the servant, for informing him falsely, and went down, demanding why he had thus mocked him. Sir, quoth the servant, that Gentlewoman that you spoke with, is Mistress of the house? but my Master hath willed her to answer to all demands nothing else, but So, as fearing her inconstancy. The Gentleman went up again, and began to look more amiably upon the Merchants wife, demanding if she were displeased at his coming? She answered So. Soz at this kiss (quoth he?) she answered, So. But would you be offended, quoth he, if I should supply your husbands place this night? she answered, So: so the match was made, and the next morning the Gentleman departed. About a moneth after the Gentleman passed by the Merchants house, and espied him and her sitting at the dor, saluted them, and told him, that it was not long since that he had been there to have spoke with him, but the Mistress of the house answered to every question, So: perceiving this, I demanded if a kiss would offend her? she answered, So: whereupon I demanded, if she would be dis- pleased

Mother Bunches Merriments.

47

pleased if I shold that night supply the place of her husband? she still answered, So: The good woman seeing all was like to be betrayed, began secretly to winke upon the Gentleman: which he perceiving, presently altered his tale into a dream: And then I awaked out of this strange dream (quoth the Gentleman:) Now by my troth sir, quoth the Merchant, if it had not been a dream, I would verily have sworen it had been my wife.

The Maids answer to a Serjeant at Law.

IT so fortuned in the heat of Summer, the weather being very hot, that a Serjeant and a Counsellor of Law would needs take a paire of Dares at the Temple, to goe to Westminster by water: So sooner were they landed upon the staires, but presently the Serjeant spied a good big fat Wench, with her back towards them stooping, and washing of clothes, (as is usuall so to doe:) the Serjeant willing to make some sport with the Maid said unto the Counsellor, Look here brother, here is a Wench hath a good big fat paire of banches. A sir (replied the Wench) if you had blowne as much wind into them, as I have blowne out of them, they would have been so big, you could scarce have covered them. At which ready and witty answer, the Counsellor most heartily laughed, and the Serjeant was much discontented.

A Souldier preſt to beare a
Musket.

A rude Germane, and untutored in the art Military, ſaking ſervice under the States of Holland, was prefently admitted to choose his weapon, either Musket, Caliver, or pike, which he pleased: demanding therefore what pay was due to a Musket-bearer: anſwer was made, five Crownes a moneth. Marry then, quoth he, my fathers Als would probe an excellent Souldier, for Ile warrant him to carry twenty, if they be orderly laid upon a good pack-saddle. At which the Souldiers much laughed at his simplicity.

A dying mans profer.

A Younger brother of a great house in Germany, was committed upon an action of Robbery, and being convict, and ſentence of death pronounced againſt him, he was very malecontent, wherefore the Preacher came and ſought by religious perſuasions to comfort him, telling him he ſhould be of good cheer, for his next meales meat ſhould be in heaven with God and all his holy Angels. Faith quoth the Robber, I have ſmall appetite to any heavenly food at this time, but if you will take the dinner for me, I will give you twenty ſhillings to discharge the shot. Which cauſed much good laughter to all that ſtood by.

The tale of the Souldier and the Barber.

I T fortuned not long since, that a Souldier coming to a Barbers shop to be trimmed, sitting in the Barbers Chair, the better to pass away the time, began to relate unto the Barber some strange passages which in the wars he had been a spectator of, (for he judged the Barber by his looks to be a silly fellow.) And amongst the rest of one of his fellow Souldiers, who was so exceeding active and nimble at his weapon, that if six or eight Muskettiers standing six score of ground from him, discharged at him, he would catch all their bullets severally upon his Rapiers point. That was very strange, and in my judgment beyond beliefe (quoth the Barber,) imagining it to be a notable lie, behought with himself how to requite the tale, the Barber said, Sir, we have below in this street a Church, which being out of repaire, they had a ladder containing fifty two Roulds set against the steeple, and a labouring man going up the said ladder, did let at every step going up one Hart, and two at every Round coming down. The Souldier hearing the Barber thus flout him, rapt out a great oath, saying thou beastly knave, dost thou compare Martiall feats of warre to your base hozse tricks, and runs out of the shop with his beard halfe trimmed and half untrimmed into the streets in a great fury, in so much that all the people laughed at the Souldier to see him come out of the shop so disguised.

A tale of the revenge of a Scould.

A Mad fellow newly married, had onely one young child by his wife, of some quarter old, whom he dearly and tenderly loved, but he was much given to good fellowship, and he altogether addicted to sparing and good huswifery: still he used to come merry home from the taberne from his boone companions, to her

her great griefe, she being as sparing of her purse, as prodigall
of her tongue, for she was little better then a Scold, would oft
upbraid him with his expences of money, and time, and to be so
often drunke was prejudicall both to his estate and bodily health,
and that it were far better to spend that at home in his house,
then in a Tavern: with such Patron-like speches, always
concluding her exhortations with a vow, that if ever he came
home again in the like pickle, she would (happen what would
come) fling the child into the Moat, (for the house was moated
round.) It happned shortly after that he rebelling till late in
a cold frosty Winter evening, she having intelligence by her scouts
where he was, made no doubt he would come home flusted:
she commandes the Infant to be conbaid to the farther part of
the house, and to wrap the Cat in the blankets, put it in the
Cradle, and there sit and rock it. Presently comes her hus-
band, she falls to her old lesson of quarrelling with him, and
he with her, ill words begot worse, lewd language past betwixt
them. The woman suddenly steps to the Cradle, (having spied
her advantage) I have long threatned thee a mischiefe, and
that revenge I cannot work on thee (come dogs, come devills)
I will inflict on thy Brat in the Cradle, instantly snatched it
up in her armes, and ran with it to the Moat side, and flings
it into the middle of the water: the poor man much affrighted,
leaves to pursue her, and leaps into the water, up in mud and
water to the chin, crying Save, oh save the child: now wa-
ded he in the moat in a very better cold frost, till he brought out
the Mantle, and with much pain and danger comes to the shore,
and still crying, Alas my poor child, opened the cloathes; at
length the frightened Cat cryed Mew, and being at liberty leapt
from betwixt his armes, and ran away. The husband both
amazed and vexed, the woman heartily laughed at her re-
venge, and the poor man was glad to reconcile the difference,
before she would either give him fire or dry linnen.

The fools trick to fatten the Popes Horse.

I have heard it reported, that the Pope had a horse, who for many excellent qualities was by him very highly esteemed, in so much that he made good the old Proverb, Too free to be fat: for let his Grooms use the utmost of their skill, yet would he not be fat, of which the Pope complaining daily to his Cardinals, Prelates, and Gentlemen, in a great fury threatned his Gromes to turn them away, if they could not find a means to fatten his horse. May it please your Holiness (quoth his Fool or Jester standing amongst the rest) I will teach you how to fatten him quickly. Let me heare thou fool (quoth the Pope) it is good sometimes to hear a fool speake, for a Fools booke is soon shot. May it then please your Holiness (quoth the Jester) make him a Cardinall, for so long as they are inferiour men, they look thin and leane; but once Cardinall, and ever after as fat as fools.

A pretty tale of two Friars.

A knight that had served in the warres in France in the time of Henry the fift, and now retirring to live in his owne Country, had a wife a vertuous and faire Lady, and having abundance of living, thought of some pious work for his soules health, therupon built a faire Church, joyning to his house, a Monastery for twelve Friars and an Abbot, with meanes accordingly. In this Convent were two Friars, Friar John, and Friar Richard, these are still at enmyty, and could not be reconciled. It was the custome of the knight and his faire Lady to rise to morning Mattens, her assaylity and curteisie breed in Friar John a strange uncouth boldness, and still with duckes and cringes would attend her coming forth, and she with meedesly returned thanks (nothing suspecting) which so incoured him, that he wrot a letter unto her, setting down a great deale of unnecessary loue, whiche she admiring, shewes her husband, who presently caused an answer to be wroght, and her name

set to it, which did appoint Frier John the next night to meet her in such a chamber about midnicht: which being sent, Frier John reads with exceeding joy, and prepares against the time: The time now come, away to the Chamber goes Frier John, where the Knight and his man meets him, and strangleth him. The deth being done, the Knight begins to think of the foulness and hainousnes of the fact by him, and his man committed, presently castis about what to doe with the body. At last he resolves to carry him into the Friery, which was (as I said before) at the end royning to his house. Up his man gets the Frier, and by a ladder combayd him down into the Monastery, and sets him upright on the house of office. Now Frier Richard was troubled with a great cold, which all the house took notice of, by reason of hys often going to the stoole: and so coming by micon ligh, (for so it then was) to the privy, drawing near, spycs one therz before him, whiche he perceived to be his old adversary Frier John. Frier Richard being in haste, calls him awaie, but he would not stirre, he growing angry, took up a brickbat, thowes it at Frier John, hits him on the breast, down falls Frier John all along, not speaking a word, then steppes Frier Richard to help him up and finding him stark dead, supposing he had kill'd him, what shall I now doe, the gates are fast lockt, ffe he cannot: presently rememb'ring the whispering of Frier Johns love to the Lady, and espying a ladder, caries the body into the porch of the Knights Hall. While this was doing, the Knights conscience much perplexed, calls his man to see if none were up about his house: his man going down into the Hall, findes in the porche the body of Frier John returned, which presently he acquaints his Master with, who almost astonished, resolved to try some other project: he remembers an old stallion that had been a horse of service, notwithstanding in his stable, and withall an old rusty armour hanging in his Armoir, commands both instantly to be brought, with a case of old pistoiles, and a Lance: the horse is saddled and caparisoned, the armour put upon the Frier, and he fast bound to the seat, the Lance tyed to his wrost, his headpiece clasped on, and beaten up, the skirts of his gray gown, served for Bases: thus being compleatly ar
1520

Mother Bunches Merriments.

53

med, they purpose to turne him out without either a Page or a Squire to attend him. Whilſt these things were thus fitting, Frier Richard in the Monastery no less perplext in mind then the Knight, dreading the ſtrictneſſe of the Law, caſting all his wits about, thinks it the ſafest way to be gone: knewing the milder near hand to have a Mare, and being himſelf fat of body, thought better truſt to four legs then two, got upon the Mare, and at break of day out of the gate goes he. Just at the ſame time when the Knight ſet forth the Knight arrant, the horſe ſents the Mare, and after her Gallops: Frier Richard looking back, amaz'd to ſee an armed Knight pursue him, for he might partly diſcern his face by the Moon, away flies he through the ſtreets, after him (or rather after the Mare) ſpeds the horſe. With the noife the people are wakened out of their ſleeps, and looks out of their windows: it was Frier Richards ill hap to ride into Turn-again Lane, that had no paſſage through, there Frier John overtakes him, and the horſe mounts upon the Mare, and with his violent motion the rusty armour makes a terrible noife. Frier Richards guilty conſcience cries out guiltie, guilty of the muſter: at which words of muſter the people being amaz'd, run out of their beds into the ſtreets, they apprehend miracles, and he confeſſed wonders, but withall, the grudge between them is known, Frier John is diſmounted and ſent unto his grave, Frier Richard to prifon, he arraigned, and by his own confeſſion condemned. But before the execution, the Knight knowing his own guilty conſcience, poſſis preſently to the King, makes his own voluntary confeſſion, bath his life and goods (for his former good ſervice) pardoned him. Frier Richard is released, and the accident ſtill remains upon Record.

The finding of a Cuckold, and the frightening
the devill.

There was a time when a great disputation was held in hell what this thing Cuckold shoud be, since all sorts of people whatsoever examined by Lucifer, and his thre infernall Judges, denied themselves to be the same. It was therefore agreed amongst them to send one of the most ingenious debills, by surveying the earth to find this strange and uncouth creature, and if it were possible to bring him thither alive. With this Commission away goes the devill upon the earth, and shewes himself in the form of a Gallant, thusis himself into the society of all sorts of people: the Country man knowes not what it means, the Citizen deales himself to be the man, the Souldier with oathes out-saces the name, the Lawyer will arrest him upon an action of slander that sayes he is the man, the Courtier by no means will endure to be the man: in so much that the poor devill was ready to depart to his house of darkness: being meditating of his ill success, at last fell into an Ordinary, where a Citizen being at dice with a company of Gentlemen, having won all their money, and not willing to lend it them again, one of them in great rage call'd him cuckold, at which word the devill grew joyfull, having found the man so much desired, and said with himself, that is my purchase, and shall be my prize, and bought a great bag to put his new purchase in. To cut off circumstances, he desires to walk with him a turn or two in the fields, where drawing him into an uncouth place, he appears to him in an ugly hairy shape, and tells him from whence he came and to what purpose, therefore wished him quiterly to creep into his bag: the man amazed began to struggle with the debill, who laid violent hands upon him. It happened that near unto this place a poor man was digging of grabbell, there lay by the edge of the pit a lusty Mastiff dog (which had been a Bear dogg) seeing the Fiend and the man contend, thought (it seemes) the Fiend had been a beast of the game, up skips the dog to take the devill by the throat, who presently

Mother Bunches Mertilments.

55

lets go his hold to secure himself, and away flies he into a wood not far off. The Citizen thus escaped, he willing to make much of his preserver, goes to the man, buys the dog, and both of them put him into the bag that the devill for hast had left behynd, thinks now to put a trick upon his Addersaty, imagining he woud come again by and by, which as soon as they had tied the mouth of the sack fast, stopt aside, the devill peapes out of the wood, seeing the coast cleare, comes to the place, taking hys sack, and gently feeling something stir, imagined it to be the man, throws it with all joy upon his neck, and down fakes he to Don Plutos Court, where no sooner come, but his return was rumoured in hell, a Synod called, where Lucifer seated himself in his wonted state, with all his Judges, Princes, and officers about him in expectation of this object so much desired: presently summons are made, and the messenger appears before them with his bag at his back, or rather on his neck, and commanded to discover this strange sight: the sack untied, out flies the dog amongst them, who seeing so many ugly creatures, thought he had been among the Bears in Pariss Garden, spying Lucifer to be the greatest, and most illfavoured amongst them, first leaps at him, and then at the rest, which soever stood next him, away flies the devills, every one shits for himself, the Sessions are dissolved, the bench and baile dock cleared, that ever since that time the name of a Cuckold hath been so terrible unto them, that they had rather entertaine into their sad dominions twenty of their wives, then any that so much as hath the name of a Cuckold.

How a Welchman stole a Bull.

There was a Welchman that wanting money, and not knowing how to come honestly by it, going through a pasture, there stood in his way a Bull with a cut taile, it came into his mind that he had better drive that Bull to the Faire, (for there was a Beast-Faire but six miles off) and there to make money of him, then to play the Thaefe and Steal. But one thing troubled him much, which was, lest the owner should pursue him, and then he might hap to look through a hempen window, therefore he procured a beastis taile, and very cunningly fastned it to the Bull, so that he had a very fair taile: so to the Fair he drives him, and takes up his place upon the Rivers bank. But the Market proved so slow, that the owner came before he had sold him, and viewing the Bull well, said to a neighbour of his, Had this Bull a cut taile I would sweare it was my Bull, which the Welchman hearing, said to him, Sir will you sweare this is your Bull? Sure said the owner, if he had a cut taile I should sweare it. I will try that quoth the Welchman, and presently he sieps to the Bull, and with his sword cuts off his taile above the place where he had fastned the false taile, and so throwes it into the River, Saying, Soo sir, will you sweare it is your Bull? The man seeing the Bull bled extreamly, was afraid, and away he went, leaving the Welchman to make the best he could of his Bull.

FINIS.

